

FRONTISPIECE



*When Beauty sings melodious Lays,
And on the Guitar skillful plays,
We think we see, to grace the Grove,
The Muses, and the Queen of Love.*

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THE
DELICATE SONGSTER,
OR,
LADIES Vocal Repository.

COMPRIZING A
SELECT and ELEGANT COLLECTION
Of the most esteemed

S O N G S ;

Which are sung
At the THEATRES, PUBLIC GARDENS, &c.

WHOSE
Peculiar Merit have introduced them into the Polite Parties of
the first Fashion, and established their reputation, with those
of the finest taste, including some approved Original designs,
to exercise the Talents of the Fair Sex in Musical Composition.
With a Poetical Address to the Ladies, on Taste, in Singing, and
another Original Piece entitled, The Fair Ones Monitor, Or a
Musico Poetical Medley of Charges against man. From the
best Authorities.

The whole designed as
A sentimental Museum of Poetical and Musicial excellence,
and calculated to engage the attention, without vitiating the
Taste, to Harmonize the Soul, without irritating the Passions,
and to cheer the Heart, without forcing a blush into the cheek
of Modesty.

*While decent Sense the Song refines,
And Taste with Delicacy joins,
With beauty's power Sweet Notes unite,
And charm the Ear as well as Sight,
Regard the Rules, that we impart,
Your Songs will captivate the Heart.*

London: Printed for J. COOKE, at Shakespear's Head,
in Pater-noster-Row.



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A N

Introductory Address.

To the LADIES of Great Britain.

ASSIST me Phoebus to refine the Strains,
Address'd to beauties of the British plains,
Ye matchless nations, and ye peerless maids,
Who grace our groves, and dignify our shades ;
Attend the artless Numbers of a friend,
Who wou'd Instruct you while his lays Commend.

Arm'd as you are with Beauty, and with grace,
Th' attractive mein, and soul enchanting face,
Beauty alone's the music of the Sphere,
We see, admire, but still we cannot hear,
Then let your Voice, the melting soul surprize,
United with the lightning of the eyes;
For tender sounds, the heart with Rapture move,
And are the breathings of Seraphic Love,
Passion may enter at the Eye 'tis true,
But his dependence on the hearing too ;
Then thrilling sounds, with blooming grace unite,
At once assail the hearing, and the sight,

Such

An Introductory Address.

Such Charms allied, no Mortal can withstand,
But yield obedience to the soft command,
So fair the Features, and so sweet the Strain,
They court the Slav'ry, and embrace the Chain,
Pleas'd with the Bondage, doat upon your Eyes,
And melt in Songs, that little Loves devise.

But in the book of *Nature* study *Grace*,
For art may Spoil the very fairest Face;
Thus gorgeous Trappings, and a load of Paint,
To a meer idol, will debase a Saint;
Then let the Song as Nature dictates run,
And affectation, like a Serpent shun,
'To know th' affected Beauty sings in vain,
'Tho' the clear pipe, seems like Apollo's strain;
Let Nature guide the Action, and the Song,
Sing by her Rules, but never Sing too long,
It is variety alone can please,
Too much of the most valu'd Things but teize,
Then if the Heart by Music you'd inspire,
Conclude the Song, before the Ear you tire,
But always suit your Singing to the Sense,
A thousand Graces, will accrue from thence,
'The Plantive Song, requires the Melting Strain,
A tender Note to give a *pleasing Pain*,
Light merry A'rs flow quickly from the Tongue,
For chearful Words must be with spirit Sung,
While serious Themes, a Solemn tone require,
A steady Judgment, not a rapid Fire,
And Lover's Songs, in sweetest Notes convey,
The Raptur'd thought, and Sentimental lay.
Sing by these Rules, or else your Time you waste,
For *Nature's* but another Name for Taste.

A COLLECTION of
NEW SONGS.

DELICACY.

Or, LOVE'S TRUE ZONE.

LONG, long hath beauty try'd to find,
The Zone that captivates the mind,
The lover's most immortal chain,
That will in spite of time remain.

Some thought to give mankind alarms,
And gain the girdle by their charms,
But charms alas in time decay,
And then the Passion wears away.

Some fancy'd opulence wou'd fire,
The heart with love's impassion'd fire.
But if the Zone's of brilliants made,
In cupid's eye, their lustres fade.

Seek, if the real Zone you'd find,
In Delicacy of the mind,
Which bids the modest blush to glow,
And makes the soul appear like snow.

A MATRIMONIAL SONG.

MAY the grave and the gay,
Who are present this day,
Be strangers to sorrowful thinking,
Our meanings to be
Good humour'd, and free,
While prudence, directs us in drinking,
Ye bucks now declare,
Who to conquer the fair,
New schemes are continually trying,
How soon you are cloy'd,
Where the object's enjoy'd,
And condemn the weak maid for complying.
Then swains learn to love,
If you'd happiness prove,
Not the blooming young maiden for beauty,
But her who with care,
Hath avoided the snare,
Nor yields till commanded by duty.
Come fill up the glafs.
May each swain find his las,
Like Charlotte consenting and tender,

May

May the fair learn to stay,
'Till the priest says, Obey,
And stern virtue applauds the surrender.

The Poet taken to Task.

Occasioned by the late Dutchess of Queenborough's asking Mr. Pope, if he thought she really merited the general censure he had cast upon the Fair Sex, in these two celebrated lines.

“ Some men to pleasure, some to business take,
“ But ev’ry woman, is at heart a rake.

SIR Bard I must a question ask,
And bring your Cynic muse to task,
Since you, this general censure make,
That ev’ry Woman is a Rake.

Think you, as virgin, or as wife,
In passing this precarious life,
From virtuous thoughts I ever swerv’d,
Or such a stigma e’er deserv’d.

Madam the son of Phœbus cry’d,
The words are just, as they’re apply’d,
You’re grace they ne’er can represent,
Since of meer Woman they’re meant.

But Females delicate of mind,
With thought above the world refin’d,
A breast where all the virtues glow,
With elegance enshrin’d in snow.

Such not meer Women, are much more,
 Above their sex sublime they soar,
 Such, like your grace, mankind behold,
 As angels young, as faints when old.

The Sentimental Cupid.

LYDIA hath no blooming charms,
 Yet she oft the heart alarms,
 Boast she cannot sparkling eyes,
 Yet can give the soul surprize.

Say how she the soul beguiles,
 Without rosy dimpling smiles,
 Devoid of beauty by what art,
 Can Lydia captivate the heart.

It is the beauties of the mind,
 Thought, by sentiment refin'd,
 And a soul enchanting note,
 Softly warbling from her throat.

Love the use of sight's deny'd,
 But with ears is well supply'd,
 Cupid, slave of Sound too long,
 Conquer now with sense, and song.

Who the panting breast can blame,
 Caught by Merit into flame,
 Condemn me not, because my choice,
 Is Prudence with a Pretty Voice.

The

The FAIR ONE's MONITER.

Or a Musico-Poetical Medley of Charges against Man.

From the best Authorities.

RECITATIVE.

OUR Hearts by nature are to love inclin'd,
And soft ideas fill each female mind ;
Yet to that softness we our ruin owe,
As poets sing, and wisest sages show.

AIR.

Trust not to man,
Or ruin will ensue,
He smiles to kill,
And flatters to undo.
All he can say,
Tho' plausible and fair,
Means to betray
And spreads an artful snare ;
If thro' your weakness
He his end obtain,
Thus you'll bewail
Your hapless fate in vain.

“ Such is the fate unhappy women find,
“ And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
“ That man the lawless libertine may rove
“ Free and unquestion'd thro' the wilds of love,
“ But woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
“ If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,

" If strongly charm'd, she leaves the thorny way,
 " And thro' the softer paths of pleasure stray,
 " Ruin ensues. reproach and endless shame,
 " And one false step entirely damns her fame,
 " In vain with tears and sighs she may deplore,
 " In vain look back on what she was before,
 " She sets like stars, that fall to rise no more.*

Then to my words attend with cautious care,
 And above all of flattery beware,
 'That is the bait with which men hearts ensnare.
 For if you let me give advice in vain,
 Thus with the fair Monimia you'll complain.

† ——— " Oh ! how oft has he sworn,
 " Nature should change, the sun and stars grow
 dark,

" E'er he wou'd falsify his vows to me !
 " Make haste, confusion then, sun lose thy light,
 " And stars drop dead with sorrows to the earth,
 " For my Castanio's false ———
 " False as the winds, the water, or the weather ;
 " Cruel as tygers o'er their trembling prey ;
 " I feel him in my heart, he tears my breast,
 " And at each sigh he drinks the gushing blood.
 Soon as consenting beauty is enjoy'd,

Thus mourns the fair when tyrant man is cloy'd,

" Last night he slew not with a lover's haste,
 " Which eagerly prevents th' appointed hour,
 " I told the clocks, and watch'd the wasting light,

And

* Fair Penitent,

† The Orphan,

“ And listen’d to each softly treading step
 “ In hopes ’twas he, but still it was not he ;
 “ At last he came, but with such alter’d looks,
 “ So wild, so ghastly, as some ghost had met him
 “ ——— Then threw himself a bed,
 “ But far from me, as far as he could move,
 “ And sigh’d and tofs’d, and turn’d ; but still from
 me.
 “ At last I press’d his hand, and laid me by his side,
 “ He pull’d it back as if he’d touch’d some serpent ;
 “ With that I burst into a flood of tears,
 “ And ask’d him how I had offended him ?
 “ He answer’d nothing ; but at dawn of day,
 “ § Leap’d from the bed, and vanish’d.
 From men such perils all the sex await,
 “Tis only prudence can reverse our fate,
 “ That fate beneath which ev’ry woman’s born
 “ Priz’d to her ruin or expos’d to scorn,
 “ If we want beauty, we of love despair,
 “ † And are besieg’d like frontier towns, if fair.
 Well may exclaim each violated maid,
 By the vile arts of treacherous man betray’d,
 ‡ “ What have I done, ye pow’rs ! What have I
 done,
 “ To see my youth, my beauty, and my love
 “ No sooner gain’d, but slighted and betray’d,
And

§ Spanish Fryer.

† Waller.

‡ Spanish Fryer.

- “ And like a rose just gather’d from the stalk,
 “ But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
 “ To wither on the ground——Tell me heaven ?
 “ Why name I heav’n——there is no heaven for me,
 “ Despair, death, hell, have seiz’d my tortur’d
 soul,
 “ When each embrace was dearer than the first,
 “ Then, then to be contemn’d ; then, then thrown
 off,
 “ Calls me old and wither’d, and deform’d.
 “ And loathsome——
 “ The turtle flies not from his billing mate,
 “ He bills the closer : but ungrateful man,
 “ Base, barb’rous man, the more we raise our love,
 “ The more we pall, and cool, and chill his ardor,
 “ Racks, poisons, daggers, rid me but of life,
 “ And any death is welcome——
 ——— Or thus,
 “ Nothing so kind as he when in my arms,
 “ In thousand kisses, tender sighs, and Joys,
 “ Not to be thought again, the night was wasted,
 “ At dawn of day he rose, and left his conquest,
 “ But when we met, and I with open arms,
 “ Ran to embrace the lad of all my wishes,
 “ Oh then ! he threw me from his breast,
 “ Like a detested sin—as I hung too
 “ Upon his knees, and begged to know the cause ;
 “ He drag’d me like a slave upon the Earth,
 “ And had no pity on my cries——
 “ Dash’d me disdainfully away with scorn,
 “ He did—and more, I fear will ne’er be friends,

Tho

“ Tho’ I still love him, with unabating passion,

* Alas ! I love him still.

Well may a female then in such a case,

Thus brand, and stigmatize the perjurd race.

“ Drive me, Oh ! drive me, from that traitor
man,

“ So I might scape, that monster let me dwell

“ In lion’s haunts, or in some tyger’s den,

“ Place me on some steep craggy ruin’d rock,

“ That bellies out, just dropping in the ocean,

“ Bury me in the hollow of its womb,

“ When starving on my cold, and flinty bed,

“ I may from far with giddy apprehension

“ See infinite fathoms, down the rumbling deep,

“ Yet not ev’n those in the vast whirl of death,

“ Can there be found so terrible a ruin,

* As man, false man, smiling destructive man.

Or to o’erwhelm the traytor to her love,

Thus imprecate dread vengeance from above,

“ † My mortal injuries, have turn’d my mind

“ And I could hate myself for being kind ;

“ If there be any majesty above,

“ That has revenge in store for perjurd love,

“ Send heav’n, the swiftest ruin on his head,

“ Strike the destroyer, lay the victor dead.

“ Kill the triumpher, and avenge my wrong,

“ In height of pomp, when he is warm and young, }

“ Bolted with thunder, let him rush along ;

“ And

* Orphan.

* Theodosius.

† Alexander the Great.

" And when in the last pangs of life he lies,
 " Grant I may stand, to dart him with my eyes,
 " Nay after death—————
 " Pursue his spotted soul, and shoot him as he flies.
 Ye pow'rs above, if beauty is your care,
 Attend, and hear a ruined virgin's prayer,
 May conscience in his face tremendous store
 Haunt all his walks, and plunge him in despair,
 May some unhappy passion seize his breast,
 Disturb his days, and break each night his rest,
 May he forever know corroding grief,
 Sight to be blest, and never meet relief,
 May the proud object of his love remain,
 Deaf to his sighs, and senseless to his pain,
 His woes, his tears, his protestations scorn,
 And make him curse the hour he was born,
 But if by nature, to love's fires inclin'd,
 Or for the nuptial band by fate design'd,
 With caution act, let sage experience rule,
 Carefully chuse; but never wed a fool.
 Take any else for better or for worse,
 But ev'ry ideot brings a certain curse,
 Then in your choice, a strict attention show,
 To the advice of the harmonious Rowe
 || " Were you ye fair, but cautious whom you
 trust,
 " Did you, but know, how seldom fools are just,
 " So many of your sex, would not in vain,
 " Of broken vows, and faithless man complain,
 " Of

" Of all the various wretches love hath made,
 " How few have been by men of sense betray'd,
 " Convinced by reason they your Power confess,
 " Pleas'd to be happy, as you are pleas'd to bless,
 " And conscious of your worth, can never love you
 less." }

THE ADVICE.

CONSIDER ye virgins before ye engage,
 That Marriage is binding for Life,
 To pay for their youth you must nurse their old age,
 Or never become a man's Wife.

A Wife is a term but made use of for Slave,
 Obedient to what Tyrants say ;
 And whether a Good man wed, or a Knave,
 You still will be bound to obey.

If a rake is your lot, he'll roam without law,
 His errors the world may forgive ;
 But if e'er you commit a single Faux Pas,
 You'll rue it, as long as you live.

Then weigh it, ye Fair Ones, your Suitors well try,
 Not fix 'till you know then the day ;
 For tygers themselves oft their fierceness lay by,
 And catch, e'er they frighten their Prey.

Now

NOW OR NEVER

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

TO make the most of fleeting time,
Shou'd be our great Endeavour,
For Love we both are in our prime,
The Time is Now or Never.

A thousand Charms around you play,
No Girl more bright or clever :
Then let us both agree to day,
To Morrow will be Never.

I ne'er shall be a better Man,
I burn with love's high fever.
Pray now be kind I know you can,
You must not answer Never.

Whilst thus you Chloe turn aside,
You frustrate my Endeavour :
That face will fade come down that pride,
Your time is Now or Never.

Ere for yourself or me too late,
Say now you're mine for Ever :
I may be snatch'd by care or fate,
My time is Now or Never.

The COQUETTE RECLAIM'D,

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

THE story goes, that sister Bet,
 Resolv'd to play the field coquette,
 Among the rustic breed:
 But tir'd of flirting on the green,
 She cry'd, " who'd live, to live unseen?
 " Not I, not I, indeed."

Away she flies, leaves ev'ry 'squire.
 To tell his tale by winter fire,
 While hearts like cherries bleed;
 " But what's all this to I, says she,
 " A rural life won't do for me,
 " It won't, it won't, indeed."

" Give me the park, to flaunt about,
 " The play-house, Ranelagh, and rout,
 But how did this succeed?
 Admir'd by lords, she lost her fame,
 On ev'ry window glar'd her name,
 'Tis true, 'tis true indeed.

At length she sought the slighted plain,
 Grew a good girl, carefs'd her swain:
 And soon they were agreed:
 " Will you not love me now, he says?
 " O yes, the longest Nights and Days,
 I'll love, I'll love, indeed."

The MYRTLE and ROSE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

AT once I'm in love, with two nymphs that are
fair,

And to sweets in my garden, these nymphs I com-
compare ;

Nor can shrub, nor can blossom, be better than those,
And Jenny's my myrtle, and Chloe's my rose.

My Chloe is fond all her charms to display,
With the rose in her cheek, she to all would be
gay ;

On all paler beauties she looks down with pride,
And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her side.

She thinks not how quickly these charms will ex-
pire,

That with may they first came, and with summer re-
tire ;

That pride, so soon over, is foolish and vain,
And love, built on beauty, can't hold with a swain.

But Jenny, my myrtle, ne'er changes her face,
No season nor age can her features displace ;
She covets no praise, nor with envy is stung,
She always is pleas'd, and is pleasing and young.

Then, Chloe, I sudden must make my retreat,
Thy rose is too blooming, too short-liv'd and sweet ;
But Jenny, thy Myrtle is lasting and green,
And all the year thro' thou the same still art seen.

The

The HUMOUROUS LASS.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

SMART Doll of the green, who lov'd mirth as her
life,

By many a swain was requested to wife,
Her figure was graceful and comely her face,
Yet in her affections no man had ta'en place :
The 'squire of the vill took it into his head,
That he, by great proffers cou'd win her to bed ;
But all his fine artifice Dolly thro' saw,
And baulk'd the poor 'squire with a hearty ha ! ha !

Next Hodge of the vale all his flame did impart,
Who knew nothing more than a plough or a cart ;
With aukward address he made a strange fuss,
Turn'd his hat o'er his thumb and beg'd for a buss,
The Lout fetch'd a sigh, and cry'd, 'deed doll tis
true,

Ise love the most woundely, i'faith, girl I do ;
But she slap'd his fool's chops and bid him with-
draw,

So sent him away while she loud laugh'd ha ! ha !

The next was a fellow so smart and so spruce,
Who caper'd and sung, 'mong the girls play'd the
deuce,

And poor Dolly thought to serve as the rest,
But she was too sharp, and of him made a jest.

Quoth Doll, I'll ne'er wed till I meet with a man !
Much less let a fop my affections trapan ;

And said, such a Thing she before never saw,
But hop'd he'd excuse it, and laugh'd out ha! ha!

With the ladies, I know, 'tis a primitive rule,
Much better be plagu'd with a knave than a fool;
And others again this opinion impart,
'Their eyes they will please if they torture their
heart.

From these I dissent, but approve of the plan
That Dolly laid down, 'till you meet with your
man;

Then your hands and your hearts may unite without
flaw,

And your conjugal state be one scene of ha! ha!

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

SINCE they trac'd me alone with a swain to the
grove,

Each Tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love;
With a laugh they point at us as passing along,
And Collin and Nell are their jest and their song.

Suspicion long whisper'd it over the green,
But scandal now tells what she never has seen;
Wherever we wander, yet faster she flies,
What we do, or we say, she reflects with her lies.

How we trip all by moonlight to love-haunted
bow'rs;

How we toy and we kiss at the sweet gliding hours:

All

All this and yet more if she will she may name,
For we meet without crime, and we part without
shame.

I own that I love him, he's so to my mind,
And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind;
I still will love on, till our fate's to be blest,
And the talk may be louder it sha'nt break our rest.

Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ,
And envy do all to embitter our joy;
The time that is coming shall soften the past,
And crown the gay nymph and her Colin at last.

The VIRGIN MONITOR.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

YE virgins of Britain, who wisely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.
Ye, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand;
Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand;
Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phæbus bright smile cheers the juvenile year;

When the birds chaunt their amorous notes from
each spray,

Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight,

Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight ;

In her meadows and fields, should you frolic and play,

Beware, Oh ! beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows, the all eloquent eyes,

Reveal every secret the heart would disguise ;

The bosom quick-panting with force seems to say,

'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of May.

Should an amorous youth this soft scene to improve,

With ardour implore the reward of his love ;

If Hymen attend you his dictates obey,

For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

Sung by Mr. Jameson, at Vauxhall.

THE fairest flow'rs the vale prefer,
And shed ambrosial sweetness there ;

While the tall pine and mountain oak,

Oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke.

So in the lowly moss-grown seat,

Dear peace and quiet dwell,

The storms that wreck the rich and great

Fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, at Ranelagh.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
Invite the chearful birds to sing ;

And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the birks of Endermay.

Among, &c.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age life's winter will appear;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade,
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feathered songsters are no more;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams,
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice,
 Let us like them then sing and play,
 About the birks of Endermay,

NANCY of the VALE.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, at Ranelagh.

RECITATIVE.

THE western sky was purpl'd o'er,
 With ev'ry pleasing ray,

And flocks reviving felt no more,
 The sultry heats of day ;
 When from a hazel's artless bow'r,
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 He blest'd the day, he blest'd the hour,
 While Nancy's charmes he sung.

A I R.

Let fops with fickle falshood range,
 The paths of wanton love,
 While weeping maids lament the change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove ;
 But endless blessings crown the day,
 I saw fair Esham's dale,
 And every blessing find its way,
 To Nancy of the vale.

Far in the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found,
 And shad'wing rocks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round :
 That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet,
 Or fortune to her secret cell,
 Conduct my wand'ring feet !.

Gay lordings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline ;
 Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
 As I will prove to mine ;

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 Has won my right good-will ;
 To him I gave my plighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I gave my youth,
 And vow'd my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I those charms forego ;
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

Sung at Ranelagh by Master Blundell.

YE fair be advis'd by a friend,
 Whose counsel proceeds from the heart,
 On beauty no longer depend,
 Or fly to the efforts of art.
 If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,
 Let virtue each action approve ;
 Her charms the fond bosom alarms,
 And softens the soul into love.

To day be not nice as a bride,
 To morrow untimely severe ;
 Let prudence and truth be your guide,
 Nor caprice or folly appear ,
 Unless you thus govern your mind,
 And banish deceit from your breast,

Too

Too soon by experience you'll find,
 Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.
 Neglected you'll wither and fade,
 'Till beauty by age shall decay,
 Then lonely retreat to the shade,
 And mourn the sad hours away ;
 How desp'rate will then be your fate :
 How great your sad loss to deplore ;
 Repentance, alas ! is too late,
 When the pow'r to charm is no more.

FREEDOM.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, at Ranelagh.

TO thee, fair freedom, I retire,
 From flattery, falsehood, dice and din,
 Nor art thou found in domes much higher,
 Then the low cot or humble inn.
 'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign,
 And ev'ry health, which I begin,
 Converts dull port to bright champagne ;
 For freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
 I fly from falsehood's specious grin ;
 Freedom I love, and form I hate,
 And chuse my lodging at an inn.
 Whe'er has travell'd life's dull round ;
 Whate'er his stages may have been ;
 May sigh to think he still has found,
 The warmest wishes at an Inn.

UNDER

UNDER THE ROSE.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall Gardens.

LAST Midsummer eve, as I pass'd thro' the
grove,
I met with young Phillis, the goddess of love ;
My heart was transported, you well may suppose,
I gave her a kiss—but 'twas *under the rose*.

She started and blush'd, and reply'd with a frown,
“ Don't fancy, young swain, I'll be kiss'd by a
Clown ;

“ I'm courted by young Strephon — see yonder he
goes ;”

Still I gave her a kiss—but 'twas *under the rose*.

“ Come, come, dearest charmer,” I tenderly cry'd,

“ I care not for Strephon ; I'll not be deny'd,

“ He's false to young Phillis ; he very well knows,

“ My heart is right honest, tho' *under the rose*.

“ If Strephon be false, what has Phillis to do ?

(She answer'd in anguish) No men sure are true.

“ O yes, my dear girl (I reply'd) don't suppose,

“ But Damon is constant, tho' *under the rose*.

“ If you love me (she cry'd) here then freely I
give,

“ My heart and affection as long as I live.”

I led her to church, and she does not suppose,

But Damon is constant, tho' *under the rose*.

PATTY

PATTY of the HILL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

O Venus, queen of soft delight,
 Accept a suppliant's prayer,
 Who wishes to attend the rites
 In which thy vot'ries share :
 Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
 Yet void of art or skill,
 Whilst he his unfeign'd love declares
 For Patty of the hill.

What strains, O goddess ! must he find
 To melt her frozen heart,
 Since words can ne'er express his mind,
 Nor e'er his pain impart !
 Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
 And love in her instill,
 In vain will prove his artless praise
 Of Patty of the hill.

Her cheeks with rose and lily vies,
 Her breath with sweet woodbines,
 Inferior far unto her eyes,
 The sparkling diamond shines ;
 Her voice excels the linnet's notes,
 Exceeds the thrush's stile,
 In vain they strive to raise their notes,
 Like Patty's of the hill.

How shall I paint her tender mind,
 (The charms I most admire)

In her is ev'ry virtue join'd,
 That passion can inspire.
 Her soul the graces all refine,
 She bends to reason's will,
 I'd freely all the world resign
 For Patty of the hill.

JEMMY and NANNY.

Sung by master Brown, at Marybone,

WHEN innocent pastimes our pleasure did
 crown,

Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 Ere Nanny became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Let no new whim take thy fancy from me :
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Favour thy Jemmy who dotes upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen ?
 Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be ?
 Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those
 e'en,

That look with disdain on unfortunate me ?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me :
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Oh think, my dear charmer, on e'ery sweet hour,
 That slid away softly between thee and me :

D

Ere

Ere squirrels, and beaux, and their fopp'ry had
 power
 To rival my love and impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifully Nanny,
 Let thy desires be all center'd in me :
 Oh ! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
 Love thy own Jemmy who dotes upon thee.

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

A favourite song, sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vaux-
 hall Gardens.

SINCE artist, who sue for the trophies of
 fame,
 Their wit, and their taste, and their genius pro-
 claim,
 Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind ;
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due—
 I have found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,
 With the ardours of youth all her passions enflame ;
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire ;
 Yet fearless you'd trust her, tho' thousands may sue,
 When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely re-
 strains,
 With his bars, and his bolts, his confinement and
 chains ;

How

How fatally weak must this artifice prove !
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love ?
 Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu,
 Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All-complying and kind you must give her her way ;
 While her taste and her judgment you fondly ap-
 prove,

'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love :
 And believe me no coxcomb admission can find,
 For the fair-one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend ;
 Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
 'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the soft Sex ;
 They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in
 view,

Good-humour's the Padlock to keep a Wife true.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

I Am a young shepherd, the pride of the plain,
 The lasses all strive my affections to gain ;
 I'm teaz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue ;
 Say what would you have such a young shepherd do ?
 I cannot be easy wherever I go,
 Nor know I the reason they follow me so ;
 'Tis strange, I am sure, you will readily own,
 That tho' I refuse, you won't let me alone.

Last night at the Wake, when I danc'd on the green,
 Such numbers came round me as never was seen;
 To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal can bear,
 So I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.
 Her ease and good-nature, I vow and protest,
 Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest,
 She has wit, youth, and beauty, the passions to move,
 And at last I'm afraid I am smitten with love.

The FAIR-SEX VINDICATED.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall Gardens.

THE goodness of Women, some men will dispute,

But I shall their arguments fairly confute;
 Undeniably prove that they do what they ought,
 And say what you will, they are never in fault.

You sometime object to their voluble tongues,
 That they harras your ears, and destroy their own
 lungs;

Should they talk, pretty creatures! from morning
 till night,

From fifteen to fifty they are all in the right.

If resentment against the fair-sex you conceive,
 Give attention to slanders, and slanders believe;
 Behold their sweet faces—resentment will fly,
 Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die.

The poets strange tales tell of Orpheus, you know,
 How he went for his wife to the regions below;
 But it must be a falshood, because one so fair,
 So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers, ye unthinking, rail,
 But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail ;
 Perfection to kings and to females belong,
 For women, like monarchs, can never do wrong.

W O M A N.

Sung by Mr. Taylor, at Marybone Gardens.

SOME love to range, so fond of change,
 Variety's their shrine ;
 Each has his scheme and fav'rite whim,
 But woman, woman's mine.

The festive bowl, the martial soul,
 'The misers I decline ;
 Like childish toys, to some their joys,
 But lovely woman's mine.

With various arts she charms our hearts,
 And makes this life divine ;
 For all the tricks of all the sex,
 I'll still have woman mine.

Let idiots rave, what wou'd they have ;
 'The Sex they can't define ;
 Just as she is, she's form'd to please,
 And long be woman mine.

The sparkling eye, the melting sigh,
 When heart and heart conjoin ;
 The bliss of love, all bliss above,
 Make charming woman mine.

In pomp and state, succeed, ye great,
 I'll envy nor repine ;
 If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,
 To keep dear woman mine.

BY my sighs you may discover
 What soft wishes touch my heart ;
 Eyes can speak and tell each other,
 What the tongue cannot impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove ;
 But 'tis hard and past concealing,
 When we truly, fondly love.

[Da Capo]

Sung by Mrs. Baddely, at Vauxhall.

MY Jockey was the blithest lad,
 That ever maiden wood ;
 When he appears, my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good.
 He talks of love, whene'er we meet,
 His words with rapture flow ;
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At every fair, and all the wakes,
 I hear them making moan :

He

He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair ;
 No swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by,
 For I alone am all his care,
 When any danger's nigh,
 He vows to wed, next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life ;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
 To be young Jockey's wife ?

O Sawney, why leav'it thou thy Nelly to mourn ?
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When nothing could please me,
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the Burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

'Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear ;
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing ;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eyne or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye din na appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning ?
 Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my sell.
Then

Then stay, my dear Sawney, nae longer away;
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Wha's living in langaur till that happy day;
 When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
 play.

A favourite Scotch RONDEAU.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.

YE nymph 'tis true to Colin's strain,
 I've often listn'd in the grove,
 And can you blame me that a swain,
 Like Colin should engage my Love.

Alas! could I my heart secure,
 Unless to worth and merit blind;
 Ah! say cou'd you yourselves endure,
 To slight a swain so true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,
 And honour breathes the shepherd's sigh,
 Love o'er discretion will prevail:
 To shun its power in vain we try.

The NON-PARIELLE.

THE nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as
 day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove;
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of love:

Tho'

Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odours from flowery beds ;
 Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unsully'd as new falling snow,
 And as lively as tints from young Iris his bow :
 As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood ;
 She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good :
 The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,
 She cull'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r,
 Which, treasur'd for me, O ! how happy was I !
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy !

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will ;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill ;
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part ;
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the Heart ?

Great is your pow'r ; but, but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage :

Each

Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;
 For who's to beauty blind ?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

Sung by Miss Catley, in LOVE in a VILLAGE.

TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
 Can value to the soul convey ;
 Minds possess superior Worth,
 Which chance nor gives, nor take away.
 Like the sun true merit shews,
 By nature warm, by nature bright ;
 With inbred flames he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

Sung by Miss Catley, in the JOVIAL CREW.

NO woman her envy can smother,
 Tho' never so vain of her charms ;
 At a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,

Or fancies her power grows less;

Her poor little heart is still aching

At sight of another's success,

But nature design'd, in love to mankind,

That different beauties shou'd move,

Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever shou'd reign,

Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,

And leave to your neighbours their due;

If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,

You'll not be contented with two;

No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

Sung at Vauxhall.

ON pleasure's smooth wing, how old time steals
away.

And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray?

My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight,

From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night:

No care found a place in my cottage, or breast,

But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare

With voice or with feature, with dress or with air:

So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,

That I gather'd the sweets, but I missed the smart:

I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;

But still all my song was, "I'll ever be free."

'Twas

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yieled :
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight ;
 If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night ;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas ! what a change ! and how wretched am I !
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade ;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;
 No musick I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the Brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in
 vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see ;
 On other she smiles, but she frowns upon me :
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart ;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain,

Sung at Drury-lane, in the MISER.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau ?
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
 to do ;
 And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know ;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau ;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air ;
Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their
hair ;

And do nothing all day, but sing, faunter, and
stare :

Such, such, is the life of a beau ;

Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, at night, to the play-house they croud ;
To mind nothing done there, they always are
proud ;

But to bow and to grin, and talk nothing aloud :

Such, such, is the life of a beau ;

Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball ;

And for nothing at cards, a fair partner they call ;

For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all :

Such, such, is the life of a beau ;

Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear ;

They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to
fear :

They can be nothing no where, who nothing are
here.

Such, such, is the life of a beau ;

Such, such, is the life of a beau.

The ROVER.

IN all the sex some charms I find,
 I love to try all womankind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty ;
 The fair, the smart, the witty.

In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
 I languish out a long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty ;
 The slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly ;
 One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the yoke ;
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly ;
 And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder valley ;
 That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally ;
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving heart with bondage sprung,
 This heart of yielding mettle ;
 This heart of yielding mettle :

And

And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle ;
But never more will settle.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, and Mrs. Mattocks,
In Love in a Village.

Mrs. Pinto.

HOPE ! thou nurse of young desire,
Fair promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Both.

Kind deceiver, flatter still ;
Deal our pleasures unpossess ;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest,

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em
in wine ;

E 2

I try'd

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
weigh'd ;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
I came for your counsel, to find out a fault :
If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas ! of relief from my pain,
While, like lightning, she darts thro' each throbbing
vein ?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

Sung by Miss. Radley, in the PADLOCK.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep,
On yonder plains a flock of sheep ;
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live long day
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play :
Or, would some bird that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings ;
My parents they might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold ;
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

Sung

Sung by Mr. Dibdin, in the PABLOCK.

DEAR heart ! what a terrible life am I led ?
A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed ;
Night and day 'tis the same,
My pain is dere game ;
Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
Poor black must run ;
Mungo here, Mungo dere,
Mungo every where.
Above or below,
Sirrah, come, sirrah, go ;
Do so, and do so.
Oh ! oh !

Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

The LINNETS.

AS bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again :
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sung across the mead ;
In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage stood,

I thought I saw the queen of love,
 When Chloræ's charms I view'd :
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale,
 But all in vain—she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast,
 And thus I (as compassion bade)
 The feather'd pair address'd :
 " Ye little warblers, chearful be,
 " Remember not ye flew ;
 " For I who thought myself so free,
 " Am far more caught than you."

IN THOMAS and SALLY.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally :
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange ! no longer seek to roam ;
 They center all in Sally ?

Yet she, unkind one ! damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy :
 Can love with ruin tally ?
 By those dear lips, those Eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come

Come then, oh come! thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lillies of the valley;
 O follow love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally

A favourite ballad,
 And sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.

COME, Colin; pride of rural swains,
 O come, and bless thy native plains;
 The daisies spring, the beaches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away;
 Your smiles will make the village gay;
 When you return, the vernal breeze
 Will wake the birds, and fan the trees.

O come, and see the violets spring,
 The meadows smile, the linnets sing;
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
 O haste, and make us happy here.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
 The merits of wine with the charms of the
 fair:

I appeal to the men, to determine between
 A Tun-belly'd bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign ;
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine :
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile ;
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire !
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore ;
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage !
 'Tis the transport of youth ; 'tis the comfort of
 age ;

But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl ?
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul !

A sot, as he riots in liquor will cry,
 'The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I,
 From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry ?
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must
 spring ;

Nay the stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford ;
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord ;
 But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

Love

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so
fair;

The lass she was lovely, the swain debonnaire:
They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with
their eyes,

And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came too;

(For maidens a decency keep when they woo:)

At length she consented, and made him a vow;

And Jockey he gave, for his jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,

Still kissing and fondling until they came there:

They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed;

And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say;

And none were so happy and gamesome as they:

Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-
kind;

For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpriz'd at this treatment, she cry'd, gaffer Jock;

Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?

Quoth he, goose, come on! why now you're my
bride;

And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He

He took home his Moggy good conduct to learn,
Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old
barn;

They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
And now live as man and wife usually do.

Sang by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

CORINNA was lovely, was witty and young,
And all o'er the town had her praises been
sung;

The beaux and the fops paid their court to her eyes,
And the belles, tho' her rivals, beheld with sur-
prize:

Yet to all, who in praising her charms did excell,
Her answer was only, indeed very well.

Lyfander, amidst her admirers prest,
And the true flame of love found to glow in his
breast;

With awe he approach'd, and with modesty spoke,
Yet his passion she treated as only a joke;
Tho' the pangs he endur'd no tongue could e'er tell,
Yet her answer to all was, indeed very well.

Denials provok'd him to try other ways,
Nor barely to kneel, and to utter her praise,
He boldly embrac'd the bright nymph in his arms,
And kiss'd her and feasted himself with her charms;
She thought, of her lovers he did all excell,
But answer'd Lyfander, as yet, very well.

As she faintly repuls'd him, the swain grew more
bold,

That soon she consented to have and to hold ;
At Hymen's bright altar received her fair hand,
Attended by Cupids, a choice little band ;
Her face sweetly smiling she dares not to tell,
That Lysander she loves, ay, indeed very well.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And flow'rs were fair to see ;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye ;
Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
" Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
" And soon I'll follow thee."

Now Jockey did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side ;
And Mary was a bonny lass,
Just meet to be a bride :
Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her eyes were azure blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd I guess was harmless play,
And nothing, sure, unmeet !
For ganging home, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk so sweet !

His

His cheek to her's he fondly laid ;
 She cry'd, " Sweet love, be true ;
 " And when a wife, as now a maid,
 " To death I'll follow you."

HOW heavy the time rolls along,
 Now Julia is out of my sight ;
 How dull is the nightingale's song,
 That formerly gave such delight ?
 The meadows that seemed so green,
 Now lose all their verdure of May ;
 The cowslip and violet are seen
 To droop, fade, and wither away.

Bright Phœbus no longer can please,
 Gay prospects no longer can charm ;
 E'en musick affords me no ease,
 Tho' wont ev'ry passion to calm :
 My flocks too disorderly stray,
 And bleat their complaints in my Ear ;
 No more they leap, frolick, and play,
 But sad like their master appear.

But ah ! if my Julia were seen,
 My lambs they'd rebound on the plain ;
 Each floweret wou'd spring on the green,
 And nightingale's charm me again :
 Return then, my fair-one, return,
 Your coming no longer delay ;
 O leave not your Shepherd to mourn,
 But hasten, my charmer, away,

ADVICE to the LADIES.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall Gardens.

WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
 You should all your hopes conceal!
 Men inconstant will discover
 What too oft our sex reveal.

Virtue teaches wise discretion,
 Fickle men are full of arts,
 By a thoughtless fond confession,
 They seduce and steal our hearts.

Would you wish, &c.

Shun, O shun, then soft persuasion,
 Let not tears your passion move,
 But embrace the first occasion,
 When convinc'd they truly love.

Would you wish, &c.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, in the Maid of the Mill.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd to
 dwell,

On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
 Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
 Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

F

Sung

Sung by Mr. MORRIS.

In LOVE in a VILLAGE.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.
 The greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty thing ;
 What more than mirth would mortals have ?
 The chearful man's a king !

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be
 seen,
 And the meadows their beauties have lost ;
 And all nature disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost ;
 When the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with
 cold,
 As bleak the winds northerly blow,
 And the innocent flock run for shelter to fold,
 With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.
 In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And send forth their breath like a steam ;
 When the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must
 thaw,
 Flakes of ice which she finds on her cream ;
 When the blythe country lass, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
 And the rustick laughs loud, if in falling she shews
 Those charms which her modesty hides.

When

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 As round the hall embers they sat,
 Talk of witches and fairies, that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts till they're all in a sweat ;
 When the birds to the barn-door come hov'ring for food,
 Or silently sit on the spray ;
 And the poor timid hare, in vain seeks the wood,
 For faithless her footsteps betray.

Heavens grant in that season, it may be my lot,
 With the girl that I love and admire,
 When the icicles hang to the eve of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire :
 There in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live in each other secure,
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But those which each other can cure.

A FAVOURITE SONG in SAUL.

SIN not, O king, against the youth,
 Who ne'er offended you ;
 Think, to his loyalty and truth,
 What great rewards are due ;

Think, with what joy that godlike man,
 You saw that glorious day ;
 Think, and with ruin, if you can,
 Such services repay,

From cities storm'd, and battles won,
 What glory can accrue ?
 By this, the hero best is known,
 He can himself subdue.

The LILY of the VALE.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare ;
 What though on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide ;
 Its sweetness far out-vies the rose.
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain ;
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain :
 See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head ;
 And to preserve the charming flower,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace ;
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face ;
 But pray, my Chloe, now observe
 The inference of my tale ;
 May I the florist be—and thou
 The Lily of the Vale.

Sung by Mr. Hudson, at Ranelagh.

PATTY of the MILL.

FAR sweeter than the Hawthorn bloom,
Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
And all the meadows fill ;
Much fairer than the lily blows,
More lovely than the blushing rose,
Is Patty of the Mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd,
With wonder struck they all admir'd,
And prais'd her from the mill ;
Each strove, with all his rustic art,
To sooth and charm the honest heart,
Of Patty of the Mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart more true to love
Then turtles when they bill ;
A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
And sweet content smiles in the face
Of Patty of the Mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
And guards it from all ill ;
Ye fair, for ever constant prove,
Be ever kind, be true to love,
Like Patty of the Mill.

A favourite Song in MIDAS.

LOVELY nymph assuage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain

Prays you will not let him languish ;
 One kind look wou'd ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts
 You, he not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports,
 You scarce will meet his like again.

WORDLY HAPPINESS in SPIKE of PHILOSOPHY.

TO curb the will with vain pretence,
 Philosophy her force employs,
 And tells us, in despite of sense,
 That life affords no real joys :
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n desires to men,
 Deny us not enjoyment free ;
 Must I be happy only then,
 When I, alas ! shall cease to be ;
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

FLORA.

A favourite Air, Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
 I Flora, reassume my reign ;
 Borne on the wings of balmly May,
 I come to paint the woods and plain ;
 Ambrosial sweets I have in store,
 The cowslip, violet, rose appear ;
 The nymphs and swains my power adore,
 And wish my presence all the year ;
 Enrich'd by me the grateful throng,
 All drest with flow'rs and garlands gay,
 With festive pipe, and dance and song,
 Now keep their much lov'd Flora's day.

The HAPPY MEETING.

Sung at Ranelagh.

AS Jamie gay gong'd blithe his way,
 Along the banks of Tweed ;
 A bonny lass, as ever was,
 Came tripping o'er the mead :
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd :
 And full of glee, as lad could be,
 Bespake the pretty maid.

Dear lass, tell, why by thine self
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here ?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide ;
 Can't tell me, laddy, where ?

To town ife hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle sport to see ;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
 Ife seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a stand,
 But like the youth's intent ;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went :
 The birds sang sweet the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around ;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joy, which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 (The Zenith of his pow'r)
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour :
 The bonny lad rowl'd, in his plaid,
 The lads who scorn'd to frown ;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.

Sung in THE CUSTON OF THE MANOR.

WHEN the rose is in bud, and blue violets
 blow,
 And the birds sing us love songs from every bough,
 When cowslips and daisies, and daffodils spread,
 Adorning, perfumes the flowery mead,

Our

Our cleanly milk-pail
 Is fill'd with brown ale ;
 Our table, our table's the grafs :
 Where we sit and we sing,
 And we dance in a ring,
 And every lad has his lass ;
 There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a ring,
 And every lad, every lad has his lass.

When without the plough the fat oxen do low,
 The lads and the lasses a sheep shearing go ;
 Our shepherd shares his jolly, jolly fleece,
 How much richer than that which they say was in
 Greece !

'Tis our cloth, and our Food,
 And our politic blood ;
 'Tis the seat which our nobles all sit on ;
 'Tis a mine above ground,
 Where our treasure's all found,
 'Tis the gold, and the silver of Britain ;
 'Tis a mine above ground, where our treasure's all
 found,
 'Tis the gold, and the silver of Britain.

THE FAIREST of the FAIR.

Sung at Ranelagh.

O Betsey ! wilt thou gang with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lonely cot and russet gown ?

Nae

Nae longer drest in filken sheen,
 Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare ;
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert *fairest of the fair*.

O Betsy ! when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink beneath the northern wind ?
 Say, can that fast and gentlest mein,
 Severest hardships learn to bear ?
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert *fairest of the fair*.

O Betsey ! can'st thou love sa true,
 Thro' perils keen wi'me to go ?
 Or when mishap the swain should rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe ?
 Or when invading pangs befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care ?
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert *fairest of the fair* ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And chear with smiles the bed of death ?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert *fairest of the fair*.

Sung

Sung in the Serenata of SOLOMON.

TELL me lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care :
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid day heat ;
 Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way :
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

The BIRD.

Sung at Marybone Gardens.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,
 To nurse the callow brood :
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms ;
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.
 Such fondness with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires ;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires :
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All families are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.
 The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
 For heav'n and joys divine ;

The

The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine :
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

Sung in the DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Wherever I'm going, and all the day long,
 Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
 I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
 That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
 song.

Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,
 Balinamone ora, a kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
 I sleep all the day to forget half my woes :
 So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
 By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,
 Your pretty black hair for me,

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave,

Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,
 Your pretty black eyes for me,

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll
stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side,
Sing balinamone ora, balinamone ora,
Your little white fist for me.

In L'Allegro il Penferoso.

LET me wander not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green :
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe ;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

CROSS PURPOSES. Sung at Ranelagh.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry ;
But Harry sighs for bonney Bell,
And finds his love miscarry ;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
While Mary flights his passion .

So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he in am'rous folly,
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours,
It came again to Molly :
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal despises Mary ;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry :
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer ;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation ;
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To smile at reformation.
And still thro' life, this rule pursue,
Whatever objects strike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

Sung

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

WHEN first by fond Damon, Flavella was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mein;
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien:
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did
 move,
 And he boasted his heart, was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own;
 Her face, &c.
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind:
 Still, still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love;
 Till a sigh, &c.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her;
 Grows dull, &c.
 He's mute, till his heart-strings are ready to break;
 For fear of offending forbids him to speak;
 And wanders a willing example to prove,
 That friendship with woman is sister to love;
 That friendship, &c.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence;
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense;
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense;

His passion nor wrinkles nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay ;
 And time, that can beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love ;
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks, In LOVE in a VILLAGE.

O H! how shall I, in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell,
 Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
 That cruel word, farewell!
 Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray ;
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

On FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found ?
 O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of
 life ;
 Kind parent of ease and composer of strife ;
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour!
 How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend?

Our

Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace :
 When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks, In LOVE in a VILLAGE.

WHEN once love's subtle poisons gains
 A passage to the female breast ;
 Rushing, like lightning, thro' the veins,
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's posselt.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skills applies :
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

The BRITISH FAIR.

Sung by Mrs. Arne, at Vauxhall.

PHŒBUS meaner Themes disdaining,
 To the Lyrift's call repair,
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come, and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 'Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit,
Which the sons of art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the British fair.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

BLATE Jonny faintly told fair Jean his mind ;
Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang :
He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind ;
Which gart him in despair tune up this sang :

O bonny lassie, since 'tis fae,
That I'm despis'd by thee,
I hate to live ; but, oh ! I'm wae
And unko sweer to die.

Dear Jenny, think what dowy hours
I thole by your disdain :
Ah ! should a breast fae soft as yours
Contain a heart of flane ?

These tender notes did a' her pity move ;
With melting heart she listen'd to the boy ;
O'ercome, she smil'd, and promis'd him her love ;
He in return thus sung his rising joy :

Hence frae my breast contentious care,
Ye've tint the pow'r to pine ;

My

My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 Spread thine arms, and give me fouth
 Of dear enchanting blifs;
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gie heav'n with ilk a kifs.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHERE shall Celia fly for shelter?
 In what secret grove or cave?
 Sighs and sonnets are sent to melt her,
 From the young, the gay, the brave;
 Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
 Still she longs, and still she burns:
 Cupid shoots like Hymen' archer,
 Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
 (If discretion guide us not)
 Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,
 Sometimes are the booby's lot:
 Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
 Now commanded by the peer;
 Now some subtle mean invader
 Wins the heart, or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,
 Or our grand-mamas mistake,
 Stinting flame by bating fewel,
 Always careful and awake.

Would

Would you keep your pearls from trampers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns :
Mark my song upon your samplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans.

A HINT to the FAIR SEX.

The Words by Mr. Lockman.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair-ones, guard ;
Their only study's to trapan,
And play a trickster's card ;
With strange delight poor women they slight,
Amuse, cajole, belie :
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus man, like him of old,
A thousand forms will take ;
His venal soul is all for gold,
A crocodile, or snake,
See his dire thread ! this spider spread
To catch the female fly :
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine with rage inspir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quils ;
A basilisk by frenzy fir'd,
His glance by poison kills :

With

With fraudful arts he steals their hearts,
Then throws the baubles by ;
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide-spreading plain,
Of constancy, of faith, to treat,
And virtue's spotless train,
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages we might try :
Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
For men are wond'rous fly.

A favourite song in TAMERLANE.

TO thee, O gentle sleep, a'one
Is owing all our peace ;
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our Sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
Some tyrant has possess'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bless'd,

O stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
The sadly weeping fair,
Conjures thee not to lose, in day,
The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
That motion chas'd her sleep :

Thus

Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought,
The griefs for which we weep.

A favourite Scotch Song.

MY laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain ;

Tho' blew-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn ;

No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away ;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and the lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat ;
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see :
Their pastimes offend me, my laddie's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I can scarce tears refrain,
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair ;
He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here ;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love, my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste :
Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?

I'll sing thro' the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to these arms back again.

Sung by Mr. Shuter, in the opera of Tom Jones.

THE women attempted some few years ago ;
Their lovers to charm with a small head ;
But now on their noddles as bumpers they shew,
As if the whole carcase was all-head :
This fashion the sex of admirers will rob ;
Their conquests they certainly push ill,
In striving to charm with a bolster'd-out nob,
As large as a Winchester bushel.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the opera of Tom Jones.

SWEET mercy is the loveliest flower,
That heaven ere planted in the mind ;
The queen of virtue, whose soft power,
Can e'en to godhead raise mankind.

Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast,
A name that will in hist'ry live ;
Yet he resembles heav'n the most,
Whose godlike bosom can forgive.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

TO please me the more, and to change the dull
scence,

My swain took me oft to the sports on the green ;
And

And to every fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd lest my heart should grow weary of
home.

To yield to my shepherd so fond and so kind,
I left my dear cot and true pleasures behind;
And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam,
For false all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,
I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight;
Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at home?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there too
long,

I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song;
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor chuse to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolick and gay,
Who in roving now flutter your moments away;
Believe it my aim shall be never to roam,
But to live my life through, and be happy at
home.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise
A note to melodize his lays,
And quit the swelling seas to praise
The charms of Highland Nelly.

The

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,
Such music with such charms can't suit,
When ev'ry muse will tune her lute
In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
Where blyth content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honest strains
Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the lowland lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden hair ;
But where's the grace, the mein, the air,
That shines in Highland Nelly ?

Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,
Fair as she left the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd, no gazer cou'd
Discern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a lowland ball I've seen
Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen ;
But when she danc'd, ye gods ! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

Sung by Mr. Owenfon, at Vauxhall.

YOU tell me that life has its sorrow and care,
That if man did not make them he never would
bear ;

They both to the past and present relate,
And the wise in the present will seek future fate.

H

Cares

Cares joined to the future by nature's decree,
 The present from care, if we will, may be free;
 To the present no sorrow kind nature assign'd,
 It belongs to the past, let us leave it behind.

If the present is right, it must surely be vain,
 To think what has been, or what may be again;
 Let what you possess your attention employ,
 The gifts of this moment, this moment enjoy.

Does ease at this moment, its blessings impart?
 Does health with its vigour, encircle your heart?
 At once, have you now beauty, musick and wine;
 'Tis a folly at what you have not, to repine.

'Tis folly to think what to morrow may say,
 When it comes it will tell you its name is to day;
 To day then your own, you to morrow defy,
 And may live without sorrow or care till you die.

Sung in the Burletta of the Noble Pedlar.

DEAR lovely rose that in the morn,
 When first I pluck'd thee from the thorn,
 With matchless blushes dy'd!
 Why should thy matchless beauties fade,
 Which in the morning thou display'd,
 In all thy infant pride?

Where are thy varied colours fled?
 Thy scent is gone, thy leaves are dead;
 Alas! I've lost my rose,

Where

Where are thy heav'nly beauties laid,
 When winter kills each verdant blade,
 With cold and chilling snows.

Sung by Mr. Owenson, at Vauxhall.

FOR Florimel so fair of late,
 To sigh was all the fashion,
 The witty, handsome, brave and great,
 By turns declar'd their passion:
 From court, from camp, from grove to plain,
 By crouds of swains surrounded;
 'Twas still her pride each heart to pain,
 But heal not one she wounded.

But now grown old she'd fain repair,
 Her loss of time and pleasure,
 With willing eyes and wanton air,
 Inviting every gazer.
 With practis'd smiles, she soon beguiles,
 From frost to fire relenting;
 No billing dove more pants for love,
 Before she's ask'd consenting.

But love's a summer flower that dies,
 With the first weather changing;
 The lover like the swallow flies,
 From sun to sun still raging.
 Ye fair, since youth will soon away,
 From hence this lesson borrow,
 The haughty maid that's ask'd to day,
 Consents too late to morrow.

MIDSUMMER NOON.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

YE Zephyrs come flutter and play,
To life wake my fond drooping breast ;
Who can bear all this fever of day,
And taste either pleasure or rest ?
Then panting and dying, I'll fly from the hours,
And hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bowers.

The toils of the field are all o'er ;
The shepherd and sheep all retreat,
They think of their pasture no more,
But crowd to their shelter from heat.

All panting, &c.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove,
Where Sol cannot peep with a ray ;
'Mong woodbines, and myrtles I'd rove,
Alone wear the moments away.

Then panting, &c.

Then Strephon, O come thou not nigh !
Thy fight I'm not able to bear,
In vain from Sol's fury, I fly,
If love and thou follow me here.

Then panting alone let me fly, &c.

Sung by Mr. Champness, in HARLEQUIN'S
INVASION.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year :

To

To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;
And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes!
They'll frighten our women, and children, and
beaus;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
sweat,

In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette:
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen and king.

Heart of oak, &c.

The words by Mr. Garrick.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,

A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy :
 You, greater bards, the lyre should hit ;
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the due-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy :
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
 Or breathes upon the damask rose,
 It does not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
 And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
 'The fragrance of the blooming May
 Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon the oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy :
 With her a cottage would delight ;
 All's happy when she's in my sight ;
 But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While

While Bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy :
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My Words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy !

RONDEAU.

Sung by Mr. Barthelemon, at Ranelagh.

TELL me cruel cupid, tell me,
How this mischief first besel me ?

In a Moment so to quell me :

He but woo'd and I was won.

In a moment so to quell me !

He but woo'd and I was won.

Every kind expression charm'd me,

Every tender look alarm'd me,

Every gentle sigh disarm'd me,

Till I lov'd but him alone.

Let me then, on love relying,

Make a merit of complying,

For him happiness denying ;

I, alas ! refuse my own.

A CANTATA.

Sung by Mrs. Baddely at Ranelagh.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary,

For once I'll try my wish to gain,

Of Oberon the fairy.

AIR.

Sweet airy being, wanton spright,
 That lurks in woods unseen,
 Or oft by Cynthia's silver light,
 Trips gaily o'er the green.
 If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
 As antient stories tell,
 And forth' Athenian maid that lov'd
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell.
 O deign once more t'exert thy pow'r,
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sovereign as juice of western flow'r,
 Conceals a balm for me.

RECITATIVE.

Ah haste, and shed the sacred balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new string;
 And for my guests serenely calm
 The nymph Indiff'rence bring.
 At her approach see fear, pale fear,
 And expectation fly!
 And disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the promis'd joy.
 The tear that pity taught to flow,
 The eye shall then disown;
 The heart that griev'd for other's woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own.
 And wounds that now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close;
 And tranquil days shall then succeed,
 To nights of calm repose.

AIR

AIR.

O, fairy elf, but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send,
 And so may never-fading bliss,
 Thy flow'ry paths attend.

So may the glow-worm's glitt'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some region of delight
 Unknown to mortal tread.

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heaven's immortal dew,
 From sweetest freshest flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober ease ;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining,
 Talk no more of foolish love ;
 Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
 Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
 Thrice ten thousand slaves a day ;

Thrice

Thrice ten thousand times your batters
Gladly would my rule obey.

Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who still forbids you,
To some other tell your moan ;
Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,
Let Clorinda but alone.

Simple Strephon, &c.

THE GOOD FELLOW.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall Gardens.

DISTANT hie thee, carping care,
From the spot where I do dwell ;
Rigid mortals, come not there,
Frowns, begone to hermit's cell ;
But let me live the life of souls,
With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

Miser, with thy paltry pelf
I give 'gainst thee my hate its scope ;
Wretch that liv'st but for thyself,
With heart of rust that cannot ope ;
Fly bird of night from sun and souls,
That love and laugh o'er flowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
Or the eye that drops a tear,
And not weed their minds of woe,
May not, dare not peep in here :

Who

Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,
Nor e'er shall quaff our flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me taste,
Health and mirth dwell in my gate,
Whilst with ease my sand doth waste,
Whilst I bless the book of fate,
That lets me live the life of souls,
With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

SCOTCH SONG, sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall
Gardens.

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
No comfort's in my mind;
There ne'er could be a happier swain,
Were Sylvia less unkind.

For when (as long her chains I've worn)
I seek relief from smart,
She only gives me looks of scorn;
Alas! 'twill break my heart.

My rival, rich in wordly store,
May offer heaps of gold;
But surely I a heaven adore,
Too precious to be sold.

Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize
For wealth, and not desert,
And my poor sighs and tears despise?
Alas! 'twill break my heart.

When,

When, like some panting hov'ring dove,
I for my bliss contend,
And plead the cause of eager love,
She coldly calls me friend.

Ah! Sylvia, thus in vain you strive
To act a healer's part ;
'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
Alas! ———and break my heart.

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told ;

For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid
Will take my injur'd part,
And blame thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor heart.

The NEW JOCKEY.

A favourite Scotch song, sung at Marybone Gardens.

YE verdant woods, and chrystal streams,
By whose enamell'd side
I shar'd the sun's refreshing beams,
While Jockey was my guide :
No more their shades or murmurs please
Poor Sylvia's love-sick mind ;
No rural streams can give me ease,
Since Jockey proves unkind.

Come,

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the sky

With clouds of darkest hue ;

Wither, ye plants ;——ye flowrets die !

Unhear'd with balmy dew.

Ye wildly warbling birds, no more

Your songs can sooth my mind ;

My hours of joy, alas ! are o'er,

Since Jockey proves unkind.

I'll hie me to some dreary grove,

For sighing sorrow made,

Where nought but plaintive strains of love

Resound through ev'ry shade ;

When the sad turtle's melting grief

With Philomel is join'd,

Alone shall yield my heart relief,

Since Jockey proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids,

And shun the soft deceit,

Tho' love's own eloquence persuades,

'Tis all a dang'rous cheat.

Fly quickly, fly the faithless swain,

His treach'rous arts despise ;

So shall you live exempt from pain,

While hapless Sylvia dies.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel.

CRUEL Strephon, will you leave me,
Will you prove yourself forsworn ?

Will you leave me, cruel Strephon,
 Will you prove yourself forsworn ?
 Can, ah ! can you thus deceive me,
 Can you treat my love with scorn ?
 O ! behold your Chloe pleading,
 Turn and see your once lov'd maid ;
 Let soft pity interceding,
 Ease-a heart your vows betray'd.
 Must I hopeless pine and languish,
 Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain ?
 See, he triumphs in my anguish,
 See, he glories in my pain.

Da Capo.

Da Capo.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

FLY, soft ideas, fly, that neither tears nor
 sighs
 My virtue may betray :
 Nature's great call, that govern's all,
 A daughter must obey.
 Alas ! my soul denies to hear revenge's cries ;
 Dare not, fond heart, to take his part,
 But drive his form away.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in Artaxerxes.

ADIEU, thou lovely youth,
 Let hopes thy fears remove ;
 Preserve thy faith and truth,
 But never doubt my love.

Sung

Sung in DAPHNE and AMINTOR.

IN vain in search of quiet,
 From place to place I range,
 My restless cares augmenting,
 No med'cine find in change ;
 Delights so lately charming,
 Have lost their pow'r to please,
 Yet something cou'd I find
 Methinks wou'd give me ease.

The THRUSH, Sung at Vauxhall.

SWEET Thrush, that makes the vernal year
 Sweeter than Flora can appear ;
 As Philomel attends thy lay,
 She envies the return of day :
 The tuneful lyre, and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling, shall be mute ;
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
 Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark, how the blackbird woes his love,
 The skill'd musician of the grove ;
 On thorn as perch'd he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings ;
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
 A virginal to hail a queen :
 Nature's music thus improves
 All the graces and the loves.

Sung by Mr. Hudson.

SINCE every charm on earth combine
In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
Why was I born, ye gods, to see
What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
My heart was lively, blythe and gay,
Cou'd sport with every nymph but she
Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,
That death must be my hapless state,
If love and you do not agree
To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
Reflecting on the pains of love,
And envy every clown I see
Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
And every idle care disdain;
We'll live in sweet tranquillity,
Nor wish for greater liberty.

RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, the smoaky town, adieu
Each rude and sensual joy;
Gay fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
Where folly keeps her court,
To wholesome, sound philosophy,
And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
 How blest the deep retreat,
 Where sorrow's billows never swell,
 Nor passion's tempest beat !

But safely thro' the sea of life,
 Calm reason wafts us o'er,
 Free from ambition, noise and strife,
 To death's eternal shore.

Sung by Mr. Mattocks in THOMAS and SALLY.

AUSPICIOUS Spirits, guard my love,
 In time of danger near him 'bide ;
 With out-spread wings around him move,
 And turn each random ball aside,

And you, his foes, tho' hearts of steel,
 O may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

'Till halcyon peace return once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile arms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

Sung in the WINTER TALE.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
must shear ;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free ;
And who are so guileless, so happy as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught :
We practice no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
What we think in our hearts you may read in our
eyes,

For knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
But we all the children of nature are bred :
By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread ;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
Content and sweet chearfulness open your door ;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
Like the flocks that we see are the passions we feel ;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

Sung

Sung by Mr. Morris, in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HENCE with care, complaint, and frowning,
 Welcome jollity and joy;
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ.
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old strain;
 Drink a health to love and beauty,
 May they long in triumph reign!

Sung by Mrs. Thompson, in the MAID OF THE
 MILL.

OH! what a simpleton was I,
 To make my bed at such a rate;
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
 Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!
 Will call him back,
 No tender words his heart allure;
 I could bite
 My tongue thro' spite——
 Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Daphne was the prettiest maid
 The eyes of love could see;
 And but one fault the charmer had,
 'Twas cruelty to me;
 'Twas cruelty to me.

No

No swain that e'er the nymph ador'd
 Was fonder, or was younger ;
 Yet, when her pity I implor'd,
 'Twas, stay a little longer ;
 'Twas, &c.

It chanc'd I met the blooming fair,
 One May morn, in the grove ;
 When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
 Now! now's the time for love ;
 Now, &c.

I clasp'd the maid ; it wak'd her pride ;
 What! did I mean to wrong her !
 Not so, my gentle dear, I cry'd ;
 But love will stay no longer ;
 But love, &c.

Then kneeling at her feet, I swore
 How much I lov'd, how well ;
 And that my heart, which beat for her,
 With her should ever dwell ;
 With her, &c.

Consent stood speaking in the eye
 Of all my cares prolonger ;
 Yet Daphne utter'd with a sigh,
 Oh! stay a little longer ;
 Oh! stay, &c.

The conflict in her soul I saw
 'Twixt virtue and desire ;

Oh! come, I cry'd, let hymen's law
Give sanction to love's fire;
Give sanction, &c.

Ye lovers, guess how great my joy!
Cou'd rapture well prove stronger?
When virtue spoke in Daphne's voice,
You now—shall stay no longer;
You now—shall stay no longer.

A favourite Duetto, in the Serenata of SOLOMON.

TOGETHER let us range the fields
Impearled with the morning dew,
Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's clustering bough;
There, in close-embowered shades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

KITTY; or the FEMALE PHAETON.

Words by Mr. Prior. Sung at Vauxhall.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd:
Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd,

And

And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd :
 While wit and beauty reign'd :
 And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?
 What has she better, pray than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all Mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, dear mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way ;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire ;
 And set the world on fire ;
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

Set by Mr. Worgan.

YE fair who shine thro' Britain's isle;
 And triumph o'er the heart;
 For once attentive be a-while
 To what I now impart,
 Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precepts of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears;
 The youthful blood begins to flow;
 She hopes for man; and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast;
 And you by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest;
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
 Assume a modest pride;
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide:
 The maid who thinks to gain a mate
 By giddy chat, will find too late,
 That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
 That bane to all the sex ;
 Nor let the arts of dear Spadille
 Your innocence perplex.
 Be always decent as a bride ;
 By virtuous rules your reason guide ;
 For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
 And both its blessings share,
 To make those joys for ever last,
 Of jealousy beware :
 His love with kind compliance meet :
 Let constancy the work complete,
 And you'll be sure to keep him.

MAY-EVE, or KATE OF ABERDEEN.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream.
 And kifs reflected light :
 To court's be gone, heart soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful virgil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

Thy nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the prom's'd May :

The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love:
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green,
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves desportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 "Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

Set by Mr. Worgan.

NO nymph, that trips the verdant plains,
 With Sally can compare;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair;
 The beams of Sol delight and clear,
 While summer seasons roll;

But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray

Illumes the world below,

Her presence bids the god of day

With emulation glow :

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,

Birds sweeter notes prepare ;

The playful lambkins skip around,

And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,

To bid the maid rejoice,

And mimicks, while he swells his note,

The sweetness of her voice :

The fanning Zephyrs round her play,

While Flora sheds perfume,

And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,

I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,

From morn to eve their tale ;

Her beauty and unspotted fame

Make vocal every vale ;

The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,

Her echo'd name conveys ;

And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,

Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lass and swain

To mirthful wake resort,

Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport :
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

STREPHON of the HILL.

Set by Mr. Arne.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Colin's, at their will;
 I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
 Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
 Beside a purling rill;
 Who should my solitude invade,
 But Strephon of the hill.

He tap'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
 I cou'd not take it ill;
 For nothing, sure, is done amiss
 By Strephon of the hill.

Consent, O lovely maid ! he cry'd,
 Nor aim thy swain to kill :
 Consent this day to be the bride
 Of Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they sit and bill ;

So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love propitious still !
May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,
With Strephon of the hill.

Sung in the CHAPLET, by Mr. Vernon.

YOU say at your feet that I wept in despair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair ;
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke ?
What know we of angels ?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
And nothing but death should my passion remove ;
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year ;
And not yet contented ! Have conscience, my dear.

Set by Mr. Baidon. Sung at Vauxhall.

HARK ! the birds begin their lay,
Flow'rets deck the robe of May,
See the little lambkins bound,
Playful o'er the clover ground ;
While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow ;
While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now

Now the nymphs and swains advance
 O'er the lawn in perfect dance ?
 Garlands from the hawthorn bough
 Grace the happy shepherd's brow ;
 While the lasses, in array,
 Wait upon the queen of May ;
 While the, &c.

Innocence, content and love,
 Fill the meadows and the grove ;
 Mirth that never wears a frown,
 Health with sweetness all her own ;
 Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
 And pale care forgets his toil ;
 Labour puts, &c.

Ah ! what pleasures shepherds know ?
 Monarchs cannot such bestow ;
 Love improves each happy hour,
 Grandeur has not such in store.
 Learn ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is innocence ;
 Learn ambition, learn from hence,
 Happiness is innocence.

Sung by Mrs. Pinto, in the opera of Tom Jones.

WHEN tyrant love that foe to rest,
 Despotic rules the virgin's breast ;
 The needle she employs in vain,
 To banish thought, to banish pain,

For while beneath her fingers grows,
 In mimick bloom the filken rose ;
 The fair by real anguish torn,
 Feels in her heart the growing thorn.

MY former time how brisk and gay,
 So blithe was I as blithe could be ;
 But now I'm sad, ah ! well-a-day,
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me :
 For I to death shall love but one,
 And he, alas ! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
 As morns the dove its absent she ;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love returns from sea.

IN THE REPRISAL.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart I
 disguise,
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise ;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 And if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow,
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
 In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
 A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
 As a tyger ferocious, preverse as a hog;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
 As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw,
 Yet if he has sense but to ballance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

Sung in the Mask of ALFRED.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
 To warm and win the coldest heart,
 In secret mine possést,
 In secret mine possést:
 The morning bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal oak that straightest grows,
 His face and shape exprest,
 His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale,

That

That wakes the flow'ry year,

That wakes, &c.

What wonder he could charm with ease,

Whom happy nature form'd to please,

Whom love had made sincere ?

Whom love, &c.

At morn he left me—fought and fell ;

The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,

And saw the tears I shed,

And saw the tears I shed :

Tears that must ever, ever fall ;

For ah ! no sighs the past recall ;

No cries awake the dead,

No cries awake the dead.

Sung at Ranelagh.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and
free,

Who always beat France, when they took her in
hand,

Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me ;

Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, old England's good
cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;

Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,

But your bear drinking Britons can never be beat.

Let us, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and
pale,

They drink of the squeezing of half-ripen'd
fruit ;

But we who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,

Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with
our poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lanthorn
jaws ring ;

For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are
souls,

Who will shed their last drop for their country
and king.

Let us sing, &c.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these is a bubble of air ;

For life without these, &c,

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,

And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul ;

Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,

I never shall alter my conduct for them ;

I care not how much they my measures decline,

Let them have their own humour, and I will have
mine.

Wine

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half-
 divine,

First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
 wine;

Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn,

But shouldst thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit, to be blest with thy love;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my last,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

AN ODE TO ECHO. Set by Dr. Hayes.

AIR.

DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;
 From the vale, where all around
 Rocks to rocks return the sound;
 From the swelling surge that roars
 'Gainst the tempest-beaten Shores;
 From the silent moss-grown cell,
 Haunt of warbling Philomel;
 Where, unseen of man, you lie,
 Queen of woodland harmony.

RECIT

RECITATIVE.

Listen, nymph divine and learn
Strains to make Narcissus burn ;
Hark ! the heav'nly song begins ;
Air be still ; breathe soft ye winds ;
Peace, ye noisy feather'd choir,
While Diona strikes the lyre.

A. I. R.

See, each eye, each ravish'd ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear ;
All around enchantment reigns,
Such the magick of her strains ;
Strains which, if thou can't but learn,
Soon will make Narcissus burn.

RECITATIVE.

Echo, should they fail to move
His obdurate heart to love ;
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow her enchanting air.

AIR.

Learn her ease and elegance
Of motion, in the airy dance ;
Learn the grace with which she strays
Thro' the light fantastic maze :
Add a thousand charms untold,
Should Narcissus still be cold ;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate heart to love.

JENNY of the GREEN.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,
 To dress their fancy's queen;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's powers too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tale unseen!
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the Sylvan scene;
 Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mein;
 'The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the green.

Through all the fairy land of love
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
 The pride of gay fifteen;

Thoug

Though now she treads some distant plain,
Though far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the green.

But thou, old time, till that bless'd night
That brings her back with speedy flight;
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the green.

Sung by Miss Stevenson.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh! send some cheering ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Cælia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rising fear disarms,
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.

L

A

A favourite CANTATA, Set by Mr. Stanley.

WHO'll buy a heart Myrtilla cries,
 And throws around her wanton eyes;
 An easy shape, a graceful air,
 A face, like lovely Hebe's, fair;
 A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
 And foil the di'monds piercing light;
 Came hither, ye that long to prove
 The soul-enchanting joys of love;
 Come, quickly come, for he
 Buys that bids the most for me:
 But let no sordid wretch presume,
 With even Cræsus' wealth, to come,
 Nor vainly hope for gems, or gold,
 Such charms as these can e'er be sold;
 So vile a change I scorn to make,
 For love's the only coin I take.

COWDEN KNOWS.

Sung at Vauxhall. New set by Mr. Smith.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves:
 But my lov'd-song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows:
 For sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art;
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
 Oh! how I blest the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Tiviot braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush a boon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom:
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed and Tiviot flows;
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Crowden Knows.

Sung by Miss Radley, in the PARLOR.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
 Whither, ah! whither would you wing

Your airy flight ?
 Stay here and sing,
 Your mistress to delight.
 No, no, no,
 Sweet Robin, you shall not go.
 Where, you wanton, could you be
 Half so happy, as with me ?

The IMPRUDENT SHEPHERDESS.

A BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsel, at Vauxhall.

YE blithest lads and lasses gay,
 Come listen to my tale :
 As I one evening sleeping lay,
 Within the flow'ry vale,
 Young Strephon passing thro' the mead,
 By chance did me espy,
 He took his bonnet off his head,
 And gently sat down by.

The swain tho' I most dearly priz'd,
 Yet now I would not know ;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strove away to go :
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And at my feet did lye ;
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
 I thought the lad would die.

But still resolving to deny,
 (The surer him to gain)

I bid the love-sick shepherd fly,
 In words of high disdain.
 He left me, never to return,
 And to young Jenny flew;
 While I my folly daily mourn,
 For slighting one so true.

THE PRUDENT SHEPHERDESS.

Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.

AS I went to the wake that is held on the green,
 I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a queen;
 A form so divine might an anchorite move,
 And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with love;
 So I ask'd for a kiss, but she blushing reply'd,
 Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd,

Lovely Phœbe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy,
 I vow I will kiss you—here's nobody by;
 No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same,
 For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame:
 So I pray let me go, I shall surely be miss'd;
 Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kiss'd.

Lord bless me! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse;
 A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse:
 The month it is May, and the season for love,
 So come, my dear girl, to the wake let us rove;
 No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your Wife,
 You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go,
 But after dear Phœbe must never say no.
 Do you prove but true (she reply'd) you shall find
 I'll ever be constant, good-humour'd and kind.
 So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she won't,
 And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

The WONDERFUL OLD MAN,

Sung at the Grotto Gardens.

THERE was an old man, and tho' it's not common,

Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
 And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
 He once was a mere infant, but age made him old!

Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for some meat,
 And, if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;
 When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
 And his liquor, most commonly, ran down his
 throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,
 And yet, I've been told, he could hear in the night;
 He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
 And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
 And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
 walk'd;

And his gate was so odd, had you seen, you'd burst,
 For one leg or t'other wou'd always be first.

His

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
 For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean ;
 He shew'd most his teeth, when he happen'd to grin.
 And his mouth flood across, 'twixt his nose and his
 chin.

Among other strange things that beset this good
 yeoman,
 He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a woman;
 And unless by that liar, miss Fame, we're beguiled,
 We may roundly affirm, he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
 And then, as folks say, he was not very well ;
 But, what was more strange, in so weak a condition,
 As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

What pity ! he died ; yet 'tis said that his death
 Was occasion'd, at last, by a stoppage of breath ;
 But peace to his bones that in ashes now moulder ;
 Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older !

THE WARWICKSHIRE LAD.

Sung by Mr. Vernon in the Jubilee.

YE Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes ;
 Come revel away, rejoice, and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads is the Warwickshire lad,
 Warwickshire lad,
 A. I be glad,
 For the lad, &c.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty ;
 Where much she has given, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all bards was the Warwickshire bard,
 Warwickshire bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the bard, &c.

Our Shakespear compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman ;
 Their swans are all geese to Avon's sweet swan,
 For the man of all men was the Warwickshire man,
 Warwickshire man,
 Avon's Swan,
 For the man, &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in ;
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
 For the Will of all Wills was the Warwickshire Will,
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,
 For the Will, &c.

There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth he robb'd nature,
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief.
 For the thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire
 thief,
 Warwickshire thief,
 He's the chief,
 For the thief of all thieves, &c.

SWEET

SWEET WILLY O.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley, in the Jubilee.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He sung it, &c.

He melted each maid,
 So skilful he plaid,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him the sweet Willy O,
 All nature, &c.

Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier the sweet Willy O,
 He would, &c.

When arm'd in the field
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,
 He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

The MULBERRY TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the
tree,

Which, oh ! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by
thee ;

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree ;

Bend to thee

Bless'd mulberry ;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the Forrest so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
the Sky ;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear :

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast :
Of the fir we make ships ; there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write,
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs ;

The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and the fairest of
fruit,
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the well-letter'd
Birch
Supplies law and physick, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
From him and his merits this takes its degree:
Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.
All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

The Words by David Garrick, Esq;

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once bless'd is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
eye,

Your roses and liles may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar;
'Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The swarrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
mand;

Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
Nor hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind;

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

A New SONG by GANTHCNY,

YOUNG Collin's ever blith and gay,

His cheeks like new-blown roses,

His breath's as sweet as flowers in May,

Made up in fragrant poses.

His shape, and mein, do hearts allure,

The graces all possessing,

His love alone, my heart would cure,

I'll ask no other blessing.

Once was mistress of his heart,

But he, like all the sex is,

He's false, which causes all my smart,

Yet he ne'er grieves, nor vexes.

Tho' I do fret, and sigh, and pine,

Another he's caressing ;

If he'd return, and would be mine,

I'd ask no other blessing.

'Tis black-eyed Susan, of the plain,

Has robb'd me of my treasure ;

'Tis she that causes all my pain,

And gives false Collin pleasure.

Kind heav'n assist, my wishes aid !

His love again possessing,

Grant me but this ; a love-sick maid,

Will ask no other blessing.

C Æ L I A.

DEIGN tuneful Nine to aid my lay,
For Beauty claims a Theme,

M

That

That far outshines the breaking day,
 On yonder floating Stream,
 No Laurel does the muse pursue,
 That means but to dispense,
 The Merit that's to Virtue due,
 Wit Modesty and Sense ;

For who can view young Cælia's face
 And not aspire to praise,
 Where ev'ry Charm and winning Grace,
 Seems emulous to please.
 Ye Modish Rakes indulge your Taste,
 Your minds to rove are bent,
 But trust me you must fix at last,
 Or never know Content.

The tasteless pleasure you enjoy,
 Will sharp reflection prove,
 'Tis thus you spurn the am'rous Boy,
 Nor taste the sweets of Love.
 While ev'ry transport of the Breast,
 Endears the mutual Pair,
 And happier I than all the rest,
 If Cælia proves Sincere.

SCOTCH SONG,

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day and always gay,

My

My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very old,
 Yet well I like to meet her,
 At the waking of the fold.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 When e'er we meet alane ;
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare ;
 My Peggy speaks so sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my spirit glow,
 At wawking of the fold,

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 When e'er I whisper love ;
 That I look down, on a' the Town,
 That I look down, upon a Crown ;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld ;
 And naething gives me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fold.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my Pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tauld ;
 With Innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fold.

PARDONNEZMOY,

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

LONG time had Lysander told Daphne his pain,
 And repeated his passion again and again ;
 The obdurate fair one awhile was so coy,
 That all her reply'd was Pardonnezmoy.

In vain he entreated, implord, and carefs'd,
 Of all his pretensions she made but a jest ;
 Tho' his Life he declar'd her disdain wou'd destroy,
 Yet regardless she answer'd him Pardonnezmoy.

But finding his Sighs no Impression cou'd make,
 He determin'd another expedient to take ;
 And Artifice now he resolves to employ,
 To make her forget to say Pardonnezmoy.

He swore that her Eyes like bright Phœbus did
 shine,
 That her Air was Majestic, her Form all Divine,
 With such fond Delusions he purchas'd the Toy,
 And Flatt'ry prevail'd over Pardonnezmoy,

CAUTIOUS PHILLIS.

AS Phillis sought a vagrant Ewe,
 Attended by her Swain,
 The God of Love attended too,
 These wand'ers of the plain,
 The hours unheeded pass away,
 The minutes softly flew,

With

With him she pass'd a Summers Day,
Forgetful of her Ewe.

See Phillis see, the Shepherd said,
The Rose on yonder bush,
How languid looks its brightest red,
Compar'd to your sweet blush.
Observe the Lilly of the vale,
How pallied is its hue,
Your matchless Beauty makes it pale,
And yields its sweets to you.

'Twas quickly answer'd by the Fair,
See how the Turtle Dove,
On yonder Oak soft Pleasure share,
And tender coo their Loves :
So we enamour'd Pleasures might,
With mutual Kindness shew,
But see advances sable Night,
And so fond Swain adieu.

R O N D O.

Sung by Mrs. Weichsell, at Vauxhall.

FROM soft deluding tales of Love,
Bright Nymphs your heart secure,
Nor let your curious fancy rove,
From thoughts discreet and pure.

Man savage Man by nature prone,
To objects daily new,
Vows ev'ry present Fair alone,
Shall find his passion true ;

Cou'd each fond fair view but the Mind
 Of him who charms the ear ;
 Their treacheries of ev'ry kind,
 Unnumber'd wou'd appear.

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall,

E'ER Love did first my thoughts employ,
 Returning Day still saw me blest,
 Each happy Hour came wing'd with Joy,
 • Each night was crown'd with balmey rest,
 But now alas no longer gay,
 I rise to hail the chearful light,
 I sit and sigh the live long day,
 And pass in Tears the sleepy Night.

Come lovely Strephon hither haste,
 Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my mind ;
 I fear my words I vainly waste,
 That thou art cruel and unkind :
 Or if some Maid of happier Fate,
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I ;
 Oh ! free me from this anxious state,
 Pronounce my fate and let me die.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall.

FORSAKEN my Pipe and my Crook,
 Why will you solicit my lay.
 No longer I sit by the Brook ;
 And carrol my Sorrow away.
 Say Laura what Theme shall I chuse,
 Your Praises I must not proclaim ;
 And Friendship's too cold for my Muse ;
 And Love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor simple Swain
 Whose Flocks and whose Herds are but small
 And my Cottage tho' neat on the plain
 Is cover'd with Thatch and that's all
 And Laura is blooming, and Young
 Ah would that I too were the same
 My heart then might hint to my Tongue
 Which now I'm forbidden to name.

Yet denied my fond Wish to impart
 My Wishes from you shall not swerve
 That the Shepherd who sues for your heart
 By his own may your Virtues deserve
 With the charms which no time can destroy
 With the Worth which no breath can defame
 May you taste of that permanent joy,
 Which now I'm forbidden to name.

PASTORAL.

Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall,

YE Shepherds give ear to my lay ;
 And take no more heed of my Sheep,
 They have nothing to do but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Then do not my folly reprove,
 She was fair and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd and I cou'd not but love,
 She is faithless and I am undone.

Alas from the day that we met
 What hope of an End to my woes
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose ;
 Yet do not my folly reprove,
 She was fair and my passion begun,
 She smil'd and I cou'd not but love,
 She is faithless and I am undone.

O ye Woods spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly,
 I wou'd hide with the beasts of the chase ;
 I wou'd vanish from every Eye,
 Yet my Reed resound thro' the grove
 With the same sad Complaint it begun,
 How she smil'd and I cou'd not but love,
 She was faithless and I am undone.

PASTORAL BALLAD,

Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

E'ER the Primrose or Cowslip cou'd blow
 You said that you'd surely be here,
 You care not and yet you should know,
 The first of the May is now near.
 The Cuckow has utter'd her strain,
 The Thrush is now heard on each spray,
 And the Nightingale seems to complain,
 As tho' you my dear Swain were away.

What's the Spring, if you keep from my sight?
 What the sweets of the field and the grove?
 No Music can give me delight
 But the Music of Colin and love:
 Let winter return when it will,
 Let snow and let frost too prevail,
 If Colin must keep from me still,
 Why shou'd April perfume thus the gale.

But Vows you have said are not wind,
 Come and make the fond Season more gay,
 You know how it is to be kind,
 Whose heart you have stolen away;
 On wings, Love this Message conveys,
 The Season now hastes to its prime,
 I can hear and can take no delays,
 Fetch up what you have lost of the time.

PRITHEE

PRITHEE FOOL BE QUIET.

Scotch Song, Sung by Miss Jameson, at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey fought my heart to win
And woo'd as Lovers woo,

I vers'd in all our Sexes Art

Did just as Maidens do.

What e'er he'd sigh what e'er he'd vow

I'd study to be shy at,

And when he press'd his fate to know,

'Twas Prithee fool be quiet.

Month after Month of am'rous Pain,

He made a mighty fuss,

Why if you know one loves a swain

'Tis wrong to say one does :

He told me Passion could not live

Without more pleasing Diet,

And pray what Answer could I give

But Prithee fool be quiet.

At length he made a bold essay,

And like a Man he cry'd,

Thy Hand my Dear, this very day

Shall Celia be my Bride :

Convinc'd he would have teaz'd me still

I cou'd not well deny it,

And now believe me when I will

I make the fool be quiet.

SCOTCH RONDO.

Sung by Mrs Weichsell at Vauxhall.

DAMON wou'd you know the passion
You have kindled in my Breast,

Trifling is the Inclination
That by Words can be express'd,
In my silence view the lover
True love is by silence shown,
In my Eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.

Sung by Miss Catley.

HOW cruelly fated is Woman to Woe ?
Too weak to contend still beset with the Foe ;
Tho' each Wish we conceiv'd should be crown'd
with Success.

What would flow from those Wishes but Care and
Distress ?

For Love intervenes
And Fancy's gay Scenes,
Alas are clouded all o'er,
The Sun quits the Skies,
Hope sickens and dies ;

Heigho ! the Heart says no more.
Tho' Beauty and Riches together conspire,
To Flatter our Pride and fulfill each Desire ;
Nor Beauty, nor Riches, give Peace to that Breast
Which Passion has tortur'd, and Grief has oppress'd.

For Love intervenes
And Fancy's gay Scenes,

Alas

Alas ! are clouded all o'er,
The Sun quits the Skies,
Hope sickens and dies ;
Heigho ! the Heart say no more.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Sung by Miss Catley in the Golden Pippin.

Guardian Angels, now protect me,
Send, ah, send the Youth I love :

Deign, O Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me thro' the Myrtle Grove

Bear my sighs, Soft floating Air,
Say I love him to despair ;

Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wish to Live.

Mid secluded Dells I'll wander,
Silent as the shades of Night ;
Near some bubbling rills Meander,
Where he erst hast blest my Sight.

There to weep the Night away,
There to waste in Sighs the Day,
Think, fond Youth, what Vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my Dwelling,
Deep in some sequester'd Vale ;
There with mournful Cadence swelling,

Of repeat my Lovesick-tale ;
And the Lark and Philomel, 6 MA 50

Of shall hear a Virgin tell,
What the Pain, to bid adieu

To Joy, to Happiness, and you.

F I N I S,

pin.